

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

The Normal Life

To be normal is to be winsome. The best balanced persons are the most attractive persons. Here is a wonderfully sane, true bit of counsel to live by: "Have enough strength to be sweet, and enough sweetness to be strong, and too much of both to be queer." The anonymous reader in Canada who sends it adds: "We can only be this by our Lord's guiding, I believe, in every single detail." And that is because only the life of Christ is perfect in its strength and in its sweetness. Yet he offers us himself as our life.

—*Sunday School Times.*

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The Missionary Helper

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXXVIII

AUGUST, 1915

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WHAT a transformation man has wrought in matter! Nature says, here is a lump of mud; man answers, let it become a beautiful vase. Nature says, here is a sweet briar; man answers, let it become a rose double and of many hues. Nature says, here is a string and a block of wood; man answers, let them be a sweet-voiced harp. Nature says, here is a daisy; Burns answers, let it become a poem. Nature says, here is a piece of ochre and some iron rust; Millet answers, let the colors become an Angelus. Nature says, here is reason rude and untaught; man must answer, let the mind become as full of thoughts as the sky of stars and more radiant. Nature says, here is a rude affection; man must answer, let the heart become as full of love and sympathy as the summer is full of ripeness and beauty. Nature says, here is a conscience, train it; man should answer, let the conscience be as true to Christ and God as a needle to the pole.

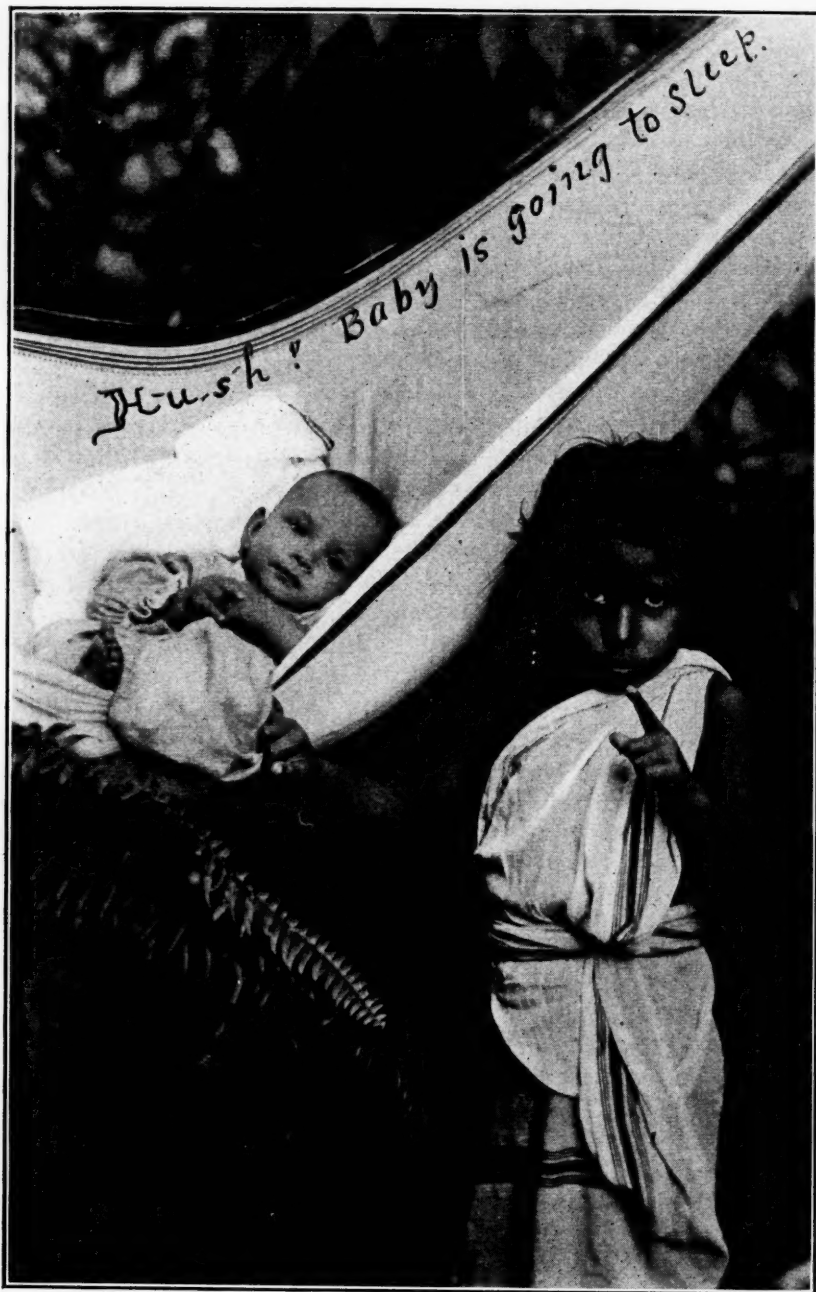
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Wherever members of the HELPER family may be, this month, in Maine or California, Canada or India, our interest centers at Ocean Park. Today (July 19th), the fine Jordan Memorial Building is dedicated. General Conference Board meetings are over and we are on the hem of the larger gatherings: New England Baptist Conference, Missionary Education Conference, Woman's Convention, including the Annual Meeting of the W. M. S., the Chautauqua Assembly, and Sunday School Conference. Nearly all the members of General Conference Board were present: Mrs. Durgin of Minnesota, President Mauck and our dear Mrs. Cheney of Michigan, Rev. Mr. Fulton of Ohio, Dr. Lord and Mrs. Griffin of New York, as well as the New England members. Dr. and Mrs. Mosher are spending the summer at Harper's Ferry, while President and Mrs. McDonald are on a Western trip. Prof. and Mrs. Anthony gave the members of the Board a porch party supper at their beautiful new summer home at Bay View. Mrs. Bachelder and Miss Deering, at the home of the latter, entertained the women of the Board at luncheon. Missionaries on the grounds are Rev. and Mrs. Hamlen, Mrs. Griffin and Miss Coombs. The Hamlens have bought the cottage of our honorary W. M. S. President, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, for a home place in this country,—a fitting combination of associations. Our Sunshine President, Mrs. Lord, with her family party, paid a flying, but characteristically cheery, visit to the editor. These personal meetings and greetings give happy touches to days of hard work. . . . We are glad to present the picture of Mrs. Emily Phillips Marshall with her grandchild, Doris Holder. Mrs. Marshall is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips. She was born in Jellalore, India, in 1850. Graduated from Hillsdale College in 1870. Was missionary to India from 1873 to 1882. Her daughter, Ida—now our missionary, Mrs. Holder, stationed at Midnapore, India—was born in Balasore. A member of the Phillips family once said to the editor, "I believe our society owes Ida to her mother's interest in Missions and influence in the home. I have always felt that there was no one in the family more truly missionary in spirit than Emily." This picture, by the way, might fittingly illustrate a third mother, an ideal one, to accompany the other two parents mentioned in the dialog in this number. . . . Please make the very most and best of that "Quiz Contest" in September. Get the young folks interested. It is a splendid test of memory and a wit-sharpener, and ought to give as lively an evening as an old-fashioned spelling bee. . . . Do we realize that "An Extending Influence" is in *our* field? That "Missionaries at Play" are *our* missionaries? Such a sense of oneness with the work and workers makes it possible for us to serve with more enthusiasm and fidelity; to give more gladly; to pray to better purpose. . . . The following came

directly from Chandipore-by-the-Sea to the HELPER Sanctum: "Greeting from the Chandiporians! Our party here this year consists of twelve grown-ups and five children. Three babies under two years old, which furnish amusement for us all. So sorry to have the Oxrieders leave us. They sail May 30th." Mr. Howard writes of one of the native preachers: "It would do you good to hear him tell the story of Jesus. He is a convert from Hinduism and tells the people, 'I know the path you are treading for I've walked it myself.' Then he gives them a strong Christian message. The townspeople were very bitter against Christianity once, but are becoming more favorable now. You have our prayers. Don't forget *us*." Dr. Kennan writes, "One day I dropped into a picture shop in the bazar. There were on the wall numerous pictures of the various gods and goddesses and several of Christ. One picture was of 'The Sixteen Great Religious Reformers.' Among these were the great religious teachers of India: Chaitanya, Nanak, Ram Mohan Roy. Mohammed was not there, but Moses and Christ were. That heathen picture dealer keeps those pictures to sell because he can *sell* them. Christ is taking a place in the religious thinking and life of these people. He has not as yet his unique place, but that, too, is coming in time. Pray for us that we may speak as King's messengers. Pray, too, that God's Spirit may work with power. The work is great, but our God is a great God."

... The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is urging that danger signals be flashed to young people bound for the Panama-Pacific Exposition without sufficient money, friends or definite positions. The Social Hygiene Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs has distributed broadcast a warning to girls against advertisements of positions in San Francisco. ... In this time of direst need it is interesting to note the different forms of Peace literature that come to the desk. In no case does it call for *peace at any price*, but all are striving to find a better way than war to settle international differences. And however blindly we may all seem to be groping, if we are animated by the Christ-spirit we shall arrive. Statesmanship, education, science, experience and wisdom must make their contributions and perfect the method by which war shall be averted, but ultimate peace is not possible when hate is in the hearts of the people. When the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, is universally recognized we may expect that peace and good will of which the angels sang. Meantime nothing is too small for you and me to do to hasten the day. Mrs. Peabody, writing to Woman's Missionary Societies, says: "It may seem a little thing to distribute literature, to use a peace stamp, to present a simple pageant, or to hold a meeting of women for prayer, but God is willing to use simple things that He may manifest His mighty power. Now that the great and mighty powers of earth are failing and all political movements are as nothing, shall we not do what we can to bring thoughts of peace and love and hope into this agonized world?"



Putting Baby to Sleep
Lee Memorial Mission, Calcutta, India

A VISIT TO PANDITA RAMABAI

By LENA SWEET FENNER.

Second only to my dream of visiting *our* India, has been the one of some day seeing the Pandita Ramabai at home in her unique India settlement. And this, also has come true, and today I am at Mukti (Salvation), seeing at first hand this door of hope for India's daughters, and face to face with the devoted, talented founder of it all.

There is ample leisure for writing; for I am having two half-days and over night, and it requires but two or three hours to see the institution. So some of the work I am seeing twice, and then having a quiet time for writing in the guest room set apart for my use.

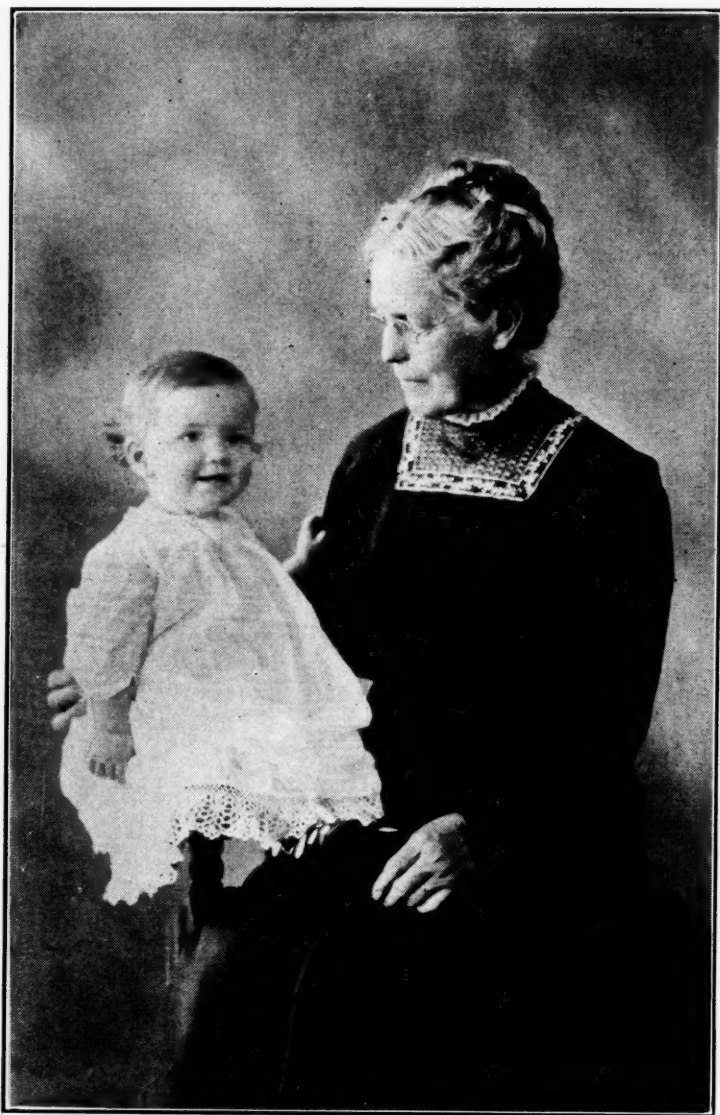
Mukti caters to visitors. A long line of front rooms facing the Poona Road are specially for guests. Every convenience is furnished and only voluntary offerings received in remuneration. The food, altogether Indian, is served in the cutest and brightest of brass vessels, and I am Indian enough by this time to relish it quite.

The Pandita is an exceedingly busy woman, not alone with the affairs of her colony, but beside with her strenuous work in translation. She has set herself the task of making a key to the Greek and Hebrew versions of the Scriptures that shall be of use to all future translators; and, too, the making of a new translation of the Bible into Marathi. I saw the finished Marathi New Testament, and the key in manuscript. Genesis is accomplished and work on the Old Testament is progressing. For this work Ramabai has trained some of her girls so that they are able to set type in Greek and Hebrew. For not only is the translation of this valuable work done here, but also all the mechanical work of printing and binding.

But, from the demands of her many duties the Pandita took a few moments to meet and greet me. And my impression was that of speaking with a woman who walked very near to God. I had the pleasure of going over the institution with Monaramabai who seemed the embodiment of capabilities coupled with a keen sense of humor and a jolly laugh.

The compound—or rather series of compounds—is quite compact, everything within small compass and direct range of government, though with no sense of crowding. The family at present comprises 1000 girls. They are graded according to age, each group within its

own compound; the two chief divisions being between the girls of the orphanage and the girls of the rescue home. The fine great grey



Mrs. Emily Phillips Marshall and Granddaughter, Doris Holder.

stone auditorium serves as church and school. Even this is taxed to accommodate all, so that for morning prayers the girls meet in several sections, and the two sessions of school accommodate different classes.

Thus each girl has three hours in school and three hours of industrial training. The school fits for college and one girl is now attending the Isabella Thoburn College having gained her F. A. But most of the girls will not make scholars or teachers and for them the technical training is invaluable.

To the left of the compound is the printing press, or rather presses, for there are four of them. All the work is done by the girls, even to the firing, and the monthly taking apart and cleaning of the engine. One realizes the output of this department only when taken into the storage room and shown the stacks and stacks of books, pamphlets, leaflets, and tracts,—the finished product of these presses. Great quantities of this literature are used in the village work as groups of girls go forth teaching and preaching in the country about. Other missions take advantage of Ramabai's leaflets, sending in more orders than the presses can supply. Some of the school books are printed here. I saw an arithmetic, the problems and examples interspersed with Bible texts. As Ramabai accepts no government aid, she is at liberty to experiment as she pleases.

Over here are the looms where are woven the red, orange and blue saris of the girls. There is an outside demand for these goods, but not yet can they supply the needs of their own large family.

It is surprising what beautiful work is turned out in the needle-work department. As I walked through, the girls were doing embroidery in white and color, drawn work, handkerchief work, etc. A whole room is devoted to the exhibition and sale of this dainty hand-craft. And the desire to possess samples of these things for one's self and one's friends is enough to make a free-trader of anyone; customs are the bug-bear of the traveler.

Some twenty blind girls find employment in basketry, caning, and rope-rug making. The raised character books I saw in use in the school are made here on the compound. There is a quiet, busy air of systematization about the place; the events of the day progress with clock-like precision.

The health of the girls is well looked after by a European doctor, and Indian nurses of their own training. And three hospitals are prepared to treat all kinds of illnesses.

Rice, the staple in eastern India, is too expensive here. Grains such as gram and millet are substituted, being made into unleavened

"bread" or *chapatis*. Vegetables from their own farm-garden furnish the appetizing curries.

The outward contrasts of Mukti and our own Sinclair Orphanage are the sombre grey stone buildings of the former, and the shining white of our pucca; the bare dirt compounds here (little rain) and the great green lawns at the Sinclair; the dark saris of the Mukti girls and the dainty white ones of ours. Local conditions, 1300 miles apart, effect these differences. In spirit and purpose the institutions are the same.

It was in morning prayers, when I saw 600 of the girls together, that I realized most forcibly the meaning of this home,—what it is saving these girls from, and what it is saving them to. All blessings and honor to this great souled Indian woman, through whose faith and devotion has been built up this Christian haven for India's daughters.

MOTHERS AND MISSION BANDS

Dialogue for two mothers, two daughters and the Mission Band Leader.

(Mrs. A enters and sits beside a table from which she takes a fashion magazine. Her little daughter follows with a geography in her hand. Sits in a low chair near her mother.)

Ella: "Mother, how could I get from Boston to Calcutta?"

Mrs. A: "Eh? What?" (looking up abstractedly from her fashion magazine).

Ella: "How could I get from Boston to Calcutta?"

Mrs. A: "Mercy on us, what a strange question! I don't know, I'm sure. By steamer, I suppose. I don't know whether they go direct or not. But I'm sure you'll never go to Calcutta, so it doesn't make much difference." (Ella takes up her geography again, with the puzzled look still on her face and her mother returns to her fashion plates.)

Ella: "Mother, just where is Midnapore? I can't seem to find it."

Mrs. A: "Midnapore! What Midnapore?"

Ella: "Why, in India, you know, mother."

Mrs. A: "Oh, yes! Well, I believe it is somewhere in the Eastern part, or perhaps it's the middle."

Ella: "I thought Miss Wheeler said it was in the Eastern part."

Mrs. A: "Well, may be it is; I don't know, I'm sure child. It is

ages since I studied geography. But what under the sun do you want with Midnapore?"

Ella: "Why, we support a Bible Woman in Midnapore you, know, mother!"

Mrs. A: "No, I'm sure I don't know. Who are 'we'?"

Ella: "Our Mission Band, mamma, the Willing Workers."

Mrs. A: "Oh" (indifferently, and turning pages of the fashion magazine).

Ella: "And, mother, don't you think twenty-five dollars a year is an awfully little salary to give her?"

Mrs. A: "Don't say 'awfully' so much, Ruth! How often must I tell you?"

Ella: "Yes; but mother, don't you?"

Mrs. A: "I dare say it's quite as much as she needs, dear! Those creatures are quite different from us, you know."

Ella: "How different, mother?"

Mrs. A: "Oh, I can't explain it all to you now, Ella! How many questions you do ask!" (Murmurs "Six yards of the braid will do it, and as for the buttons"—)

Ella: "Mother! What are some of the greatest hindrances our missionaries meet in India?"

Mrs. A: "Dear me! *you* are the greatest hindrance *I* meet, in trying to plan the winter clothing, and if that isn't missionary work I don't know what is. I should think you had India on the brain, Ella! What has filled you so full of it?"

Ella: "Why mamma, I didn't mean to vex you, but our Band meets this afternoon, and Miss Wheeler gave us a list of questions about India and we are all to bring in answers, and I was trying to get them out—that's all."

Mrs. A: "You didn't vex me, dearie, only I was very busy and you kept interrupting; but I think you have studied enough for today. Run off to your play now. Of course missions are very good and important, and all that; and I'm sure it's nice of Miss Wheeler to take so much pains about it; but, after all, I don't want you to try to do too much; what with school and practicing and your painting lessons and all. However, it won't last long; you'll soon be too old for the Mission Band, or else you'll get tired of it." (Mother goes out.)

Ella: "I don't know as I will bother about it any more today. I am

tired, and I do want to finish that lovely book. And I don't believe this is all so awfully—very, I mean—important as Miss Wheeler makes out. Mother doesn't seem to think so, and she's a church member and takes *THE MISSIONARY HELPER*, though I never saw her read it. But I guess she knows." (Exit Ella.)

Enter another mother, Mrs. B, who sits and embroiders on a bit of fancy work. Enter joyously her daughter Ruth: "Oh, mother, we had *such* a good time at the Mission Band this afternoon; next time we are going to have an India tea-party, and two or three of us will be dressed in Hindu *saris* sent from the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence, and we will sit on the floor and eat curry and rice and figs and honey cakes, and Miss Wheeler will tell us a true story about a Hindu girl and—won't it be fun, mother?"

Mrs. B: "Why, yes, dear, I suppose it will. A little childish, perhaps; but I don't know as that matters. What afternoon will it be?"

Ruth: "On Wednesday, mamma, just as usual."

Mrs. B: "Then it will be impossible for you to go. I wish you to go shopping with me, to select you a new cloak and hat. Be sure, Ruthie, and tell me if you see any new styles on the street before then." (Exit Mrs. B. and Ruth.)

(Enter from opposite sides of the platform, first mother, Mrs. A, and leader of Mission Band.)

Mrs. A: "How do you do, Miss Wheeler?"

Leader: "Quite well, I thank you, and your children are all well?"

Mrs. A: "Yes, thank you, the children are well. Two of them have been off all the afternoon, I don't know where. Why, yes, come to think of it, I believe it was down to your house; they went to a missionary meeting or something of that kind. Really, it is too good of you to give yourself all that trouble, and I'm afraid it's to so little purpose, too! They seem to be quite interested over India, just now, but of course it won't last. Shall you be at the Shakespeare club next Wednesday? I find my part takes a great deal of study. Good-night." (Mrs. A goes out.)

Mission Band Leader, speaking to audience: "Dear mothers, you have your children under your influence night and day. We, the leaders of the Mission Band, have them perhaps two hours a month. What can our teaching in those few hours do for them against your mighty influence of every day? Is that daily influence against it? If it is, our work is all

but vain. But if to our lesser influence and few opportunities you add the force of your home example and teaching, not long will the world have to wait for the coming up of the mighty forces that shall prevail against unrighteousness. Is there any blessing you ask for your children that is not needed by the other children of the world? Let us work *together* for these boys and girls whom we love, while their minds and hearts are plastic, until they form the habit of gladly sharing their blessings with all the unloved, unsheltered, untaught little ones, near and far, especially the beautiful message of peace and good will brought by the Christ Child."—*Adapted.*

MAE'S FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

By JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

It was just the most perfect of afternoons—a Sabbath afternoon at that, under a June sky in the shadiest nook of the garden. The very air was intoxicating, and the birds sang full anthems, and Mae was happy. Ah yes! It was such a glad summer world, and life was so sweet. Her diploma was scarcely a week old, and here she was just ready to live, the older daughter in the family, in this dear old home with its wide-spread outlook.

Mae noted with quick glance that the color was coming back to Elsie's cheek (she had been sick, dear child) and as she rocked the hammock to and fro, her glad heart kept time in a rhythm of thankfulness, and the hollyhocks nodded their heads in quiet approval. It was all a part of the happy day.

Just then a bit of melody fluttered over the high hedge, and Mae bent her head to listen. She heard some guitar notes, and soon the words of a hymn:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The Lamp of life deny?"

A church hymn it was, and an old one at that. It began something about Greenland's icy mountains. It had never interested her very much, but somehow the voice did.

"Who lives in the tenement now, Elsie?"

The inmates were rather migratory. It was a little house, looking rather bare beside the spacious grounds next door.

"A woman and a lady that goes in a chair, and that's all," lisped Elsie.

"I suppose, now that I am home, I must come to know something of my neighbors," said Mae, and then she thought no more about it until the next Sunday afternoon, when she heard again the guitar prelude, and this time the hymn:

"Over the ocean wave
Far, far away,
There the poor heathen live
Waiting the day."

"I do declare!" thought Mae, "I must ask mother about that girl 'that goeth lame and lovely.' What possesses her to keep up a heathen wail? I think I would like to hear her voice on some refrain that didn't suggest the Cannibal Islands."

Mae's mother was not much of an intelligence bureau on this subject, and said that all she knew was that they stayed on their side of the hedge, for which she was sure she saw a devout reason for thanksgiving.

It happened that this whetted a little Mae's idle curiosity, and one day, soon after, she peered through the hedge, saw a pleasant face at the window and actually advanced to the door. It bore a modest sign:

AGNES HOPE.

MENDING DONE.

The middle-aged woman answered the knock.

"Is the young lady at home?" asked Mae, "I may have some mending for her."

This last was a happy afterthought. She stepped forward to meet a girl sitting in a wheel-chair, with basket and thread and bits of work about her. A young face with gray hair about it, and deep lines. Yet, the girl was young in everything but experience. She was pleased to see her caller. They talked about mending and work and prices, in quite a business way at first. But soon they fell into a more friendly visit. Agnes was so interested to know about school and the girls.

"You sing?" asked Mae at length.

"A little."

"I have heard you Sunday afternoons."

"Have you?" and the girl colored consciously, and then she hesitated. "It was our missionary hour, perhaps."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mae, remembering the selections. "You are fond of such hymns?" with that rising inflection which wondered how it could be.

"Yes, and—it is our Shut-in missionary meeting. We all in a circle sing the same hymns and read and pray together at five o'clock Sunday afternoon."

"Oh, it is a company of you?" asked Mae, looking surprised, and remembering that the songs had been solos.

"Yes, it is the Shut-in Mission Circle. We cannot meet as others do, but our paper publishes the subject and the hymn and Scripture reading, and we have prayer together; so, you see, we do really have a meeting, and because we are Shut-ins very likely we have more time to think about it."

"You are interested in the heathen, then," said Mae, roguishly. "That being the case, maybe you will be interested in me."

Agnes lost her shyness at this and threw back her head to laugh heartily. It helped the acquaintance amazingly.

"Yes, I am interested in missions especially. Perhaps—sometime, we will talk about it. Mother says it is my hobby. You needn't take flight. Truly, I won't afflict you now."

"I'll come again when I feel equal to the hobby," and Mae dashed out in the most neighborly spirit possible. She couldn't quite tell why this girl interested her. Perhaps it was because she missed the school-girls. Perhaps, because Agnes Hope had a sweet voice and was a shut-in, and did mending for a living.

However it was—she could choose her friend where she chose (her mother had often told her that), and she did choose this Agnes Hope. Perhaps she should tire of her, if she really was a hobbyist. Time would tell. If she were only a hobbyist on Shakespeare or German, the chances would be better for a permanent friendship.

She did not go in again till the next Sunday. She was in the hammock. The guitar called her wandering thoughts from the sky and flowers to the shut-in girl.

"I believe that I will run over after the meeting's safely through."

She had been having a Sunday meditation, and it made her a little uneasy, as it always did. Perhaps a little penance along the line of missions would be as beneficial as a prayer-meeting. That sometimes eased the inward conviction that she was an unprofitable servant. She went. Agnes Hope was alone. Her mother had gone to the cemetery. Agnes was very glad to see her, and the room did look "homey" and attractive. These people had culture of a pleasant kind, surely. There

was a book-case well filled, and a fine picture, and old-fashioned easy-chairs and cushions and stools, and evidences of genuine comfort.

"What was the subject to-day?" asked Mae, sinking back in the Boston rocker. She asked, not because she cared very much, but because it would launch the conversation.

"Are you feeling very unusually well, so that you could bear a good deal—for instance, a talk on one's favorite subject?" asked Agnes, sweetly.

"Yes, indeed; I am this minute waiting for the preface."

Agnes began very shyly, but as her listener drew nearer and looked into her face with genuine interest, she found herself just opening her heart without reserve; and it was such a sweet story.

The two girls at school, Agnes and her friend, had met a missionary, had come to know her, to love her, to take intense interest in her work. And one dusky afternoon in the quiet of their own little room on the top floor of Campus dormitory, they clasped hands in a sweet and solemn pledge to this sacred work. The weeks flitted by, and every day took on a tinge of the heroic. Their graduating theses wore easily the atmosphere of altitudes, and every day was full of fervor.

They graduated. And as they left the hall to step into the carriage on that maddest, merriest night of all, Agnes slipped. It was thought to be a little fall, but soon she knew that there had been an injury to the spine.

She couldn't say much about that, but—her friend had gone to India alone, and she had been left—stranded in a wheel-chair. She choked a little over the last sentences, but soon regained herself to add cheerily: "And now I mend for my pin-money and try to do all I can on this side. And my greatest desire is to see young ladies interested in this work. You are my first victim."

Mae looked at the slender girl in her wheel-chair; with her life-plan spoiled, taking hold of the heathen world in thought and sympathy, and confessed that her heart was stirred as never before in her life. She had no words to say. And a silence fell in the sunshiny room, broken only by the ticking of the tall, grim clock and the sweet song of the meadow lark just outside the window.

Agnes broke the pause.

"You were good in mathematics, perhaps?"

"Yes, my only prize was in algebra."

"Well, then, you will be equal to my problem. How shall the girls of this city suburb become interested in missions?"

"Easy enough. Get them into the circle," answered Mae, promptly. "Let the multiplying power touch them, and mathematics will do the rest."

Agnes colored a little with Mae's direct look.

"I think if *you* could talk to the large company of friends whom your social life brings to you, it could be done."

"Not a bit of it! I tell you they must join your circle. Will you take them in? If the problem is mine, you must leave it to me."

"I will."

The church-bell broke in on the visit, and it was several days before Mae came again. Then she brought her thimble and helped a bit with the mending while they talked.

"I think I have it all arranged and the girls are agreed to it. Once a month we will meet here in this room where the very atmosphere blows spicy breezes from Ceylon's Isle, and we will have a program. Always a talk by you, a little music, a few readings by the girls, the passing of a mite-box, of course. How does that suit you?"

"Would they care to come?" asked Agnes, anxiously.

"Indeed they would. And I haven't finished the plan yet. It has a part second, by way of whetting their appetites. To begin with, I have a teapot with burner underneath for five o'clock tea. It has never done anything but shine and ornament. I propose this: That I bring it over here with its table. I see a corner for it this minute. Each girl joining shall furnish her own cup and saucer and spoon, to be forever a souvenir. At the close of the exercises we will have a simple refreshment passed—coffee and cake or chocolate and macaroons—just a little something to make it sociable, and make the girls forget that they have an historic dignity to maintain. A housekeeper will be appointed each time. She will furnish refreshment, will serve it here, will wash the dishes, and put the little table in order for another week. How does that strike you?"

Agnes smiled rapturously. She dropped the coarse shirt she was mending, to clasp her hand fervently. She said under her breath:

"The early Christians used to meet to break bread in Christ's name. It means sisterhood. I like it."

It happened that Mae was an organizer naturally. She took to this with enthusiasm. A company of twenty girls responded gleefully. It was a little hard for Agnes that first Sabbath. The girls were strangers,

and there were so many of them, and her secluded life had made her timid.

But Mae, who knew them all, gathered them about the wheel-chair, while the sweet voice read about the good Samaritan, led in a brief prayer, which was like an earnest, simple talk with her best friend, and then they sang, led by the guitar, and one of the girls sang a solo, and then they talked, led by Mae's skillful directorship, about the latest reports from woman's work abroad.

"The fact is," declared Mae, "we shall need to be conditioned on missions, all but Agnes. She can pass up. We can have the month to redeem ourselves in," and the topic was assigned and helps selected.

Then Agnes talked a little of her friend in India, and told some incidents that made them feel how near the work was.

Mae now appeared with the mite-box and bade them put in pennies for penance, for she knew they must have pangs over their long indifference to missions.

"I have often run away from missionary meetings," said one of the girls, "but they were not like these."

When the little teakettle sang, they threw off the last bit of reserve (what woman would not?), and "over the teacups" they talked about the blessedness of being girls in this land where Christ has not only redeemed them, but also crowned them with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

The five o'clock missionary tea was among the popular things of that community. And its interest did not wane. How could it? Mae's mother did not endorse it, but she stood almost alone. She had hoped her daughter would be a society leader. "Instead," she declared, "Mae reads, talks, thinks, and dreams missions!" It was very trying.

But Mae was a happy girl. Her friendship with Agnes grew daily. The path through the hedge grew a familiar and beaten track. Life did not pall to her taste. How much there was to interest and thrill her! The teas were the cosiest seasons imaginable. Warm friendship, lasting through a lifetime, budded and blossomed in that congenial atmosphere. The dainty cups became invested with sweet memories of sunny Sabbath afternoons.

They talked of China and Korea and India and Japan over the fragrant coffee. And they became truer, nobler, broader, more Christ-like, as they linked themselves to God's thought and God's plan of redemption.

One Sabbath afternoon Mae lingered after the rest had gone. She was housekeeper that day, and had to wash the cups and re-set the little table. When it was over she took a seat at Agnes' feet. She rested her head in Agnes' lap. Both felt that it was a sacred moment. Mae began the talk as usual:

"You could not go to India," she said, "and the Lord accepted your offering of patience and quiet service just as though you had. You cannot go—but *I* can. Do you think He will accept me? Oh, I have lived such an aimless, half-hearted Christian life. I never knew how much I loved Him till he asked me to go, and when I said 'yes' (wondering how He could want *me*) the hundredfold came into my heart like a flood of light, and I am, oh! so happy!" And this fortune-favored girl with everything laid at Jesus' feet, going out to toil and hardship, and persecution, looked up at Agnes with a radiant face.

For answer Agnes clasped her precious friend close in her slender arms, while the tears rained upon her face. When she could speak, she said:

"Only to-day I read about the message to Mary of Bethany—'The Master is come and calleth for thee. And as soon as she heard that, she rose up quickly and came unto him'."

A few months later the little community received a shock.

"That girl going as a missionary!"

"And her mother so afflicted over it."

"And her people so worldly! Who would have dreamed it?"

And the shut-in girl, with her earnest, consecrated spirit and one little talent, keeps her little sunny, sheltered corner vocal with praises. God's ways are not her ways, but they are infinitely better.—*Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

There is a sure antidote to worry. And worry of any sort and under any circumstances is sin. The *Oriental Missionary Standard* puts worry's cure into three words: "Faith never worries." This journal, which is the organ of the "Oriental Missionary Society" and is published in Tokyo, also reminds its readers that "Faith does not wait to see things; faith causes them to be seen." The thing that would dispel the anxiety of this moment is just the thing that faith can call up. And when we recall that faith is just remembering God's faithfulness, there is nothing left for worry to feed upon. God himself is the sure antidote to worry; and faith is the human payment that secures God as our possession.—*S. S. Times.*

QUIZ

What is a new "Movement"?

What is said of world neighborliness?

How has a daughter paid beautiful tribute to the memory of her father?

To whom should we send "golden thoughts"?

Where is a significant list of college graduates who have become missionaries?

What happy compliment is paid our HELPER in the Life of Rev. Benjamin Randall?

How can we translate our satisfaction?

What two evils in India cannot be exaggerated?

What is a *Bedaya*?

Can you give a glimpse of a *bedaya* given an American lady?

What is a boon the world around?

What city seemed to our Corresponding Secretary to be the most beautiful in the Orient?

What does a young missionary think about her new home? the people? a native pastor?

What does China need more than anything else?

Can you tell some of Mrs. Burkholder's adventures in a dash for the jungle?

Who is Timothy, and what is he doing?

What happened in a peculiar Sunday School?

What laughable incident at its close?

What horrible rites are still performed in some parts of India?

What state supports two missionaries? Who are they?

What three words would be good for us all to keep before us?

What was "certainly impressive?"

Who show in their faces the transformed life?

What is a merry place in vacation time?

What are some W. M. S. "steps of service"?

Who said, "We give our children to you"?

What is the united study text book for the coming year?

What are some of the "helps" in studying it?

What does our Sunshine President say about Fresh Air work?

What does Miss Coombs find reassuring?

What auxiliary reached high water mark at its recent Thank Offering service?

Which auxiliary "takes the cake"?

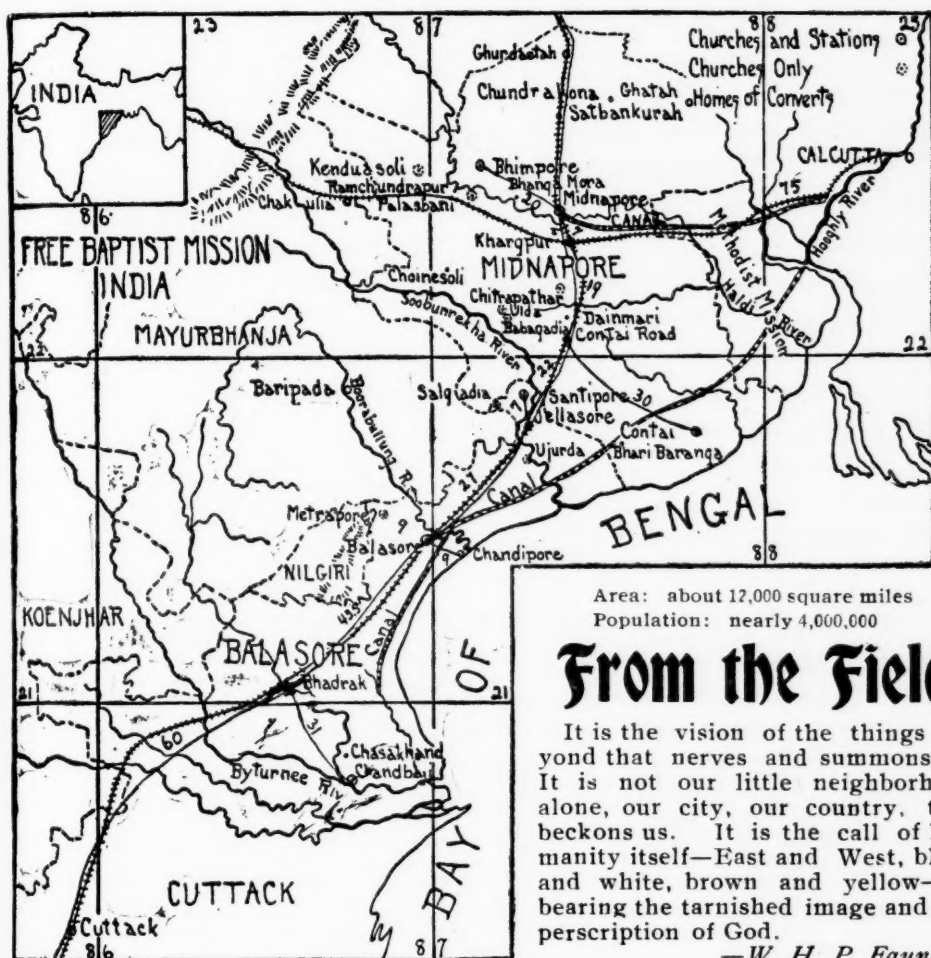
What can you tell about an exceptional Cradle Roll?

Which auxiliary gave the largest amount in May?

What does every morning seem to say?

How is love made perfect?

(Answers may be found in the July HELPER.)



OUR MISSIONARIES AT PLAY

Miss Amy Porter wrote from Chandipore, May 10, to a personal friend:—This place is much like Ocean Park, as far as beach, bathing, sand hills and jungle back of us goes, but the people are lacking. Besides our four cottages full of missionary folks, there are only fishermen, cowtenders, a light-house keeper and the government officials at the ammunition testing station. So we are free to live much as we please, which includes going barefooted. We have a glorious time bathing. It is even safer here than at Ocean Park. The shore slopes very gradually, so that when the water is at low tide it is a mile or two away and

at high tide comes quite near our bungalow. Aren't tides wonderful? I never had a chance to watch them much before. I can't get over the wonder of it all. They are among the grandest things of God's great world. It is so interesting, too, to have new treasures spread before your door twice every day.

Birthdays are always remembered here. We had a beach party by moonlight on mine, when we all wore bathing suits or old clothes and tried to see who could look the worst. Mr. Collett took the prize. We played games, sang songs and ate pop corn. At the very last, someone said it was my birthday and I must be tossed. I didn't know what that meant, but I found out! They made a rush, picked me up bodily and tossed me up in the air four times.

Last Saturday we celebrated Mrs. Burkholder's seventieth birthday (one week in advance because she was going back to Midnapore), and the fiftieth anniversary of her coming to India as a missionary. Think of it, fifty years of service! She did not suspect a thing until she stepped into the cottage for dinner and found all the people here, tables set and the room lighted with Chinese lanterns. Even then, she did not know it was for *her* until she heard her name in the cheers. The dinner was delicious. Everyone had added something good to it. There were twelve grown folks besides the nurse and five children.

After dinner we listened to stories of the voyage to India fifty years ago on a sailing vessel that took nearly six months to come; captain lost overboard in a storm three days after leaving America; they crossed the equator four times, and were becalmed in the Indian ocean for a month in the hottest part of the year. Then there were stories of the voyage from India to America, when she was nine years old and her mother went home with eight children. Those were the days when missionary service was hard. Mrs. Burkholder is grand. I have had such beautiful talks with her here.

Doris Holden is lovelier than ever. She is quite a big girl now, running about by herself, chattering English and Bengali, often repeating the last words of what we say. She is bubbling over with happiness all day long. Her *ayah* is the same one who took care of the Kennan children when they were here. She is fine and I don't blame the babies for loving her almost as they do their mothers.

India is beautiful, the people lovable, and the work is satisfying—even more worth while than I had been told. I don't wonder people

want to stay. I should like to go home to see my folks, but I should hate terribly to go with the thought that I should never see India again. I pitied Miss Fenner with all my heart when she left.

I'll have to work all the harder for this vacation. Am not trying for exam before the end of the year, but shall get out among the people and try talking. I shall be so glad to be studying again.

AN EXTENDING INFLUENCE

DEAR FRIENDS:—

The smallpox is raging to such an extent in the bazaar that our college and schools of a lower grade have been closed. Last week I closed all of my bazaar work for fifteen days at least. Knowing the condition of the lanes, gullies, tanks, as well as the public roads in the town, the wonder is that they don't have smallpox, cholera and all the rest of the horrible diseases all the year round. It is raging in Calcutta and smaller towns as well. In Calcutta alone they report 187 deaths from smallpox a week. 50,000 were vaccinated in Calcutta. I never have known it to be so wide-spread as this year. Today I hear that there is a case of it in our Christian community. This is coming very close to us.

I want to tell you a little about the second stopping place in my country trip, Kalamati, where we have quite a number of Christians. I went there from Timothy's in a "*duly*," which is a Santal string cot swung to a long bamboo and carried by four men. We had about ten miles to go and it was really a very comfortable journey. The first convert in the village was a young man by the name of Sebar. He was brought to know the Way by what he learned in one of our village schools taught by one of our Bible women. He has but little education, but a strong, child-like faith. There have been between thirty and forty persons baptized there, almost wholly through his influence. For a time he was employed by the missionaries, but he felt that he could do better work and have more influence among his people if he was quite independent, so he gave up his salary and says he gets along finely and greatly enjoys the work. He has high hopes and a broad, far-reaching vision. He says, "We are going to have a self-supporting church and call our own pastor." There are two Bible women there supported by the mission, but he intends, in time, to care for them also. We have a school at Kalamati which is aided by the Government. This year through Sebar's persistency and effort a good schoolhouse is being built. His vision is to have a boarding house

connected with the school which will accommodate at least fifty boys. They are to help support the school by raising vegetables.

The former head master was a Hindu. Last June he was smitten with smallpox and died, leaving a widowed mother, a young wife and little daughter. When he realized that he could not live he said to Sebar, who stayed with him almost constantly night and day, "Do you think that though I have not served Jesus all my life He would give me a place at His feet?"

Sebar assured Him that He would if he believed in Him and asked Him to forgive his sins. From that time on so long as he was conscious he raised his arms in a most pleading manner, calling on Christ to forgive his sins and give him a place at His feet. His poor widowed mother called to him, saying, "Son, on whom are you calling, call to Setala, Durga, etc." (their gods). "No, no," he replied, "Jesus." So he went on to the last. He gave his mother, wife and child into Sebar's care. While we were there we were invited to their home to dinner and then had worship with them. The wife has since told Sebar that she wished to become a Christian. Her brother is now the head master of our school. He, too, has expressed a desire to join our people. All of this apparently is the result of Sebar's influence.

A few days ago a woman who had been outcasted by her people called on him for help. She had pneumonia and was not expected to live. Sebar, with the help of the Bible women and others, carried her on a cot, took her to their house and cared for her to the end. Sebar says her death was beautiful. She died trusting in Jesus. He seems to be thoroughly self-forgetful and on the lookout for opportunities to help and teach others.

Pray for Kalamati.

JULIA P. BURKHOLDER.

Midnapore, India, March 29.

DAYLIGHT DAWNING.

By FLORENCE LOUISE HOAG.

Cease, oh comrades, cease your sorrow.
Yonder gleams the glorious morrow.
See you not the early dawning
Of this bright and beauteous morning?
All creation groans, awaking,
Travailing for this daylight breaking.
Watchmen tell us night is passing,
Tell us of this army massing.
Oh, before the dawn the darkness
And before this day the blackness!
But the earth will have perfection;
Never fear, 'tis God's election.

Bellingham, Wash.

In His coming age of glory,
Told by seer in song and story,
Right shall triumph; never fear it,
All the ends of earth shall hear it.
When the law goes forth from Zion
Then together lamb and lion
Safely dwell. A child shall lead them,
With his tiny hands he'll feed them.
Haste thy coming, King of Glory!
Comrades tell the old, old story,
Lest some heart fail courage taking
In this hour sublime now breaking.

TREASURER'S NOTES

Letter Contributions for year 1914-15	\$12,069.51
1913-14	10,301.45

Is this a *favorable* closing to our financial year, dear friends, or think you we might well have used a stronger term in our anticipated reference in last month's "Notes"? We certainly were tempted to do so, so *sure* were we of the outcome.

But we hope that many of you are interested to dig down to bed rock, and thus learn whether or not this gain is *all* due to the larger gifts of legacy, and we immediately acknowledge that it is, but make the admission without regret, and in fact with much satisfaction. Why? Because to hold our own during a year of very unusual stress, is a *satisfactory* thing to do, and when that "own" is one of *higher mark* in accomplishment, it enhances the satisfaction. In this getting down to facts, let us take from each year's totals the amount of legacies and then compare, and in so doing we shall find that the very small balance is in *this year's favor*.

In several states there are good margins to *fully met apportionments*, and our W. M. S. officers have several times during the year had occasion to *realize* the firm and dependable support of our constituency, and its *ready* response.

Just a glance at *Maine* receipts shows us the splendid all around support given our work by this state. A prayer accompanies one T. O. gift which a friend earned outside her housekeeping; she asks that "God will bless it so much that it will be like the widow's oil—and keep flowing on in blessing." To the ranks of the state workers and our W. M. S. we most cordially welcome the new Limerick auxiliary. Two of the year's legacies stand to the credit of Cumberland Conference,—that of Mrs. Marshall, late of Steep Falls, and Miss Kilborn, late of Portland.

To *New Hampshire* is credited the legacy of the late Mrs. E. H. Howe of Rochester, which is but another expression of her oft expressed interest in our work, and a friend of Rev. and Mrs. Sinclair makes a T. O. gift for the Orphanage at Balasore which their gift made possible, and adds that she hopes "it will do some little girl much good and be the means of saving her." The women of this state are splendidly alert.

Lyndon Center, *Vermont*, completes balance of its apportionment and all the state's gifts are for Miss Porter's salary. Long-time W. M. S. friends are numbered among these workers.

Massachusetts Thank Offerings exceed those of last year and from reports made at Massachusetts State Association we learned of the good work that is being done in the auxiliaries. Brockton S. S. completes year's pledge, and the Chelmsford St. Auxiliary, to which our State Treasurer recently paid special tribute, completes its three years' pledged work. Both auxiliaries are *live wires*, together with that of Somerville, which has its generous share in making this year's large Thank Offering total.

Arlington Auxiliary heads the *Rhode Island* list with its gift for Bible woman, and that of its auxiliary group of young women,—“the Eva Spaulding Society,”—and immediately we recognize the capable leadership of Mrs. Lydia Andrews Frances, around thought of whom tender memories cluster, for they bring to mind also the dear mother whose effort was so generously and efficiently given in our society's behalf. This society is but a type of the others of this state. Miss Halvern's recent visit to Pascoag reminds us of that church's legacy of memory and influence, coming from the life of Mrs. J. L. Phillips.

Of *Michigan's* self-appointed enlargement of missionary effort you already know, and this month sees its accomplishment in form of the *fully met* salaries of its *two missionaries*, in addition to other gifts.

This word from a state officer sums up *Minnesota's* work: “Mrs. Stout's report of our women's work was especially encouraging. We average—per capita—\$6.43. We have a loyal band in Minnesota.”

Iowa's gifts are from individual W. M. S. friends, one of whom says: “We welcome the HELPER as our only news from our own work.”

Kansas Auxiliary and individual gifts are those of Thank Offering, and the former report interesting services.

The women of *Texas* have undertaken to raise one hundred dollars toward salary of Mrs. Holder, and will thus share in the half yearly support which the state as a whole has assumed.

Personal gifts close this month's splendid list, and acknowledging our Heavenly Father's great goodness, with humility we express our gratitude for that which He hath wrought for us.

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Self-control is a very important lesson to learn. Some one has said, “The happy man is not the one who has possessions, but the one who has himself in possession.”

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

I am spending my vacation at Harper's Ferry. Because it is vacation, Storer College is not in session, but there is everywhere about evidence of what it is accomplishing in raising the general moral and intellectual standard of the people. This is primarily true of the colored race for whom the college works directly; but it also applies to all, of whatever race they may be, with whom Storer students come in contact. No one group, be it racial, religious, industrial, or national, can be given a better tone, without many alien groups feeling the effect.

THE HELPER has always been the particular channel through which Storer College has told about what it was doing, and asked for means to do what it felt needed to be done. For the sake of this help that the HELPER gives Storer College, I trust this magazine of ours, which a subscriber in renewing her subscription writes, "is a real little Helper," may go on helping Storer College and all the other good causes it represents for many years to come. In order that it may do this, however, its constituency must bestir itself in every possible way to secure subscriptions and build up the Sustaining Fund.

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM

"This is not evening twilight, 'tis the dawning,
Fairer and plainer grow the hills afar.
I am not folding up my hands from labor,
Freshly I left them, while the paling star
Melts into light.

"O, vaster, grander grows the world before me!
The shadows vanish with the rising ray.
I am not aged, I am just beginning
Through God's great universe to make my way,
With soul alert, on-pressing toward a day
Unhemmed by night."

—Quotation found in the Bible of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, after her passing.

Mrs. Maria E. Grover, West Bowdoin, Maine, March 26, 1915.

Mrs. Rachel Whipple, Greenville, Rhode Island, May 14, 1915.

NOTE—When a member of an Auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that the name, place of residence and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in THE HELPER.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Working, praying, giving, come to their fullness only through intelligence. Read and study until you become a world citizen though you live in a hamlet."

Topics for 1915-16

September—	Opening Meeting and Quiz Social.
October—	Along Old Mission Trails.
November—	Storer College.
December—	Beginnings in India.
January—	Social Christianity in India and Burma.
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	A Nation at School (China).
April—	Korea's United Church.
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Japan's Response to the Gospel.
July—	Missionary Field Day

SEPTEMBER—Opening Meeting. Quiz Contest and Social.

"Success is Labor's Prize."

Every woman in the parish should be invited to this meeting. A "contest" is always stimulating and this one will be especially so. Divide the contestants into two camps, the blue and the gold, each wearing her color. Appoint a leader for each, a month in advance. Let them meet and decide just how long the contest shall last, appointing a timekeeper. Those taking part should know that any question from the monthly "Quiz" in the HELPER may be asked, beginning with the January, 1915, number. The more they study, the better, but of course they will not know in advance which questions will be asked. The questions must be taken directly from the HELPERS—not copied—and should be selected at random; although the leaders will, of course, be perfectly familiar with them. The contestants may stand in two lines, with the leader of each at the head. The leader of the blue asks questions of the gold and vice versa. Anyone who cannot answer correctly drops out. There must be a continuous, but not too rapid, fire of questions, blue and gold alternating, until the timekeeper rings the bell. The side wins that has the larger number remaining. But blues and golds have both won a lot of valuable information, and the side that is "spelled down," or quizzed down, can afford to be gracious.

At this first meeting of the new year of work, there should always be a display of colors, motto, banners and literature of the society. Send to Mrs. Chapman for leaflets about our own work, including membership

certificates. Have sample copies of THE MISSIONARY HELPER; the text book, "The King's Highway," helps for its study; new Missionary Hymnal; peace leaflets and stamps; post cards of buildings, etc., in the Bengal Field. (See Mrs. Chapman's announcement in July HELPER.) This table of literature might have placards above it: "Missionary Women's Ammunition;" "First Aid to the Ignorant." Some one should have it constantly in charge who can explain or sell books and leaflets, and take subscriptions for the magazine. The usual opening exercises, singing, Scripture reading and prayer, should precede the contest. A social hour should follow, with a cordial invitation to guests to join the W. M. S. if they wish to do so.

Practical Christian Living

Christianity is never self-contained. "My cup runneth over" was the ancient experience. If the cup does not run over, it has not been divinely filled. If the individual experience does not create any change in home or school or village or city, it is mere indulgence in pious emotion.—*W. H. P. Faunce.*



OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

PRAYER.

The wireless telegraph called prayer,
Needs neither ether, space, nor air,
O'er which to speed fear's quivering
waves
From us who need to Him who saves.

Through vacuums of forgetfulness,
Race forth the flashing messages.
No medium is too dense or hard;
Flesh, distance, time in vain retard.

Prayer needs two instruments alone
God's heart, and tuned therewith thine
own,
These signal stations in accord
Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord.

Through hills, o'er plains, beneath the
sea,
For love is electricity,
Who loveth, through the meanest clod
Can telegraph each day to God.

—*Knowles*

PRAYER AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE

In the parable of the "Unjust Judge" Jesus urges persistency in prayer. Here it is advocated, not that God's children may receive more answers to their petitions, but that their souls may grow more by contact with the Spirit of God. Persistency in prayer by those

who worship the "Father in spirit and in truth" brings about three things: Changed conceptions, changed characters, changed petitions.

True prayer involves a coming into God's presence consciously, with a definite purpose, and often, and in the spirit of a child of God. The meeting with God will teach one unconsciously something of His nature that cannot be learned at second hand. The disciples followed Jesus believing Him to be the Messiah. To them the coming Messiah was to be a kaiser of the sternest type, one who would set the Jews to ruling the world, and who would "break in pieces" all who should oppose the new regime. At the end of three years of close companionship they believe no less in the Messiahship of Jesus, but they had changed their conceptions of the Messiah. They now believed that He died that all men might live. From thinking Him an autocratic Jew they thought of him in terms of John 3:16. Fellowship with Christ then brought changed conceptions: fellowship with Him to-day has the same effect.

Fellowship with Christ brings changed characters through the changed conceptions. Beginning from the center, character shines through to the circumference. The spirit in one, if allowed to control life, places its stamp on all that we say, or do, or think. Persistent prayer forces one to be much with God. To be with Him is to become like Him in character. This is better than answered petitions, for we shall be gradually changed into the likeness of Christ in conduct, hope, and purpose.

Changed characters will present to God changed petitions. The unchanged disciples asked for fire from heaven to destroy the unfriendly Samaritans: the changed disciples prayed for courage to "speak the word with boldness." Christians usually pray for things considered valuable by the world; financial success for the enterprises committed to them; health and safety and guidance for those whom they love; many conversions and additions in their fields of labor; power from on high to evangelize the world. Persistent spiritual prayers lead to petitions which imply the pleader's deepest desire to be carrying out of God's will, though that might mean the downfall of all he holds dear.—*The Christian Missionary*.

AMONG OUR BOOKS

"It is the quickening spirit, the truth and human content of printed matter that counts."

LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF THE REV. BENJAMIN RANDALL, Founder of the Free Baptist Denomination. By Rev. Frederick L. Wiley. 310 pages. Illustrated. American Baptist Publication Society, 16 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. \$1.00 postpaid.

A well written biography of any man or woman who is great in the

life of the spirit and its outward manifestations, is inspirational, educational and vastly worth reading. This biography of "a man of audacious courage because of absolute faith," is of peculiar interest to Free Baptists, giving as it does the history of the beginning and growth of the denomination. But the fact that "Mr. Randall projected that system of doctrines a hundred years beyond his time, and the churches are now busy pushing them over the world," makes the story of his life a worthy contribution to the religious history of the past century. The author has written with love, discrimination and conciseness; in fact, has told what we wish to know in a very readable fashion. The closing chapter reports that remarkable Conference, held at Ocean Park, in July, 1913, upon the transactions of which, the author believes, Benjamin Randall would have set his seal of approval.

RECEIVED.—Studies in Law for School and Home. By Ellen Adelaide Copp, A. M., L. L. B., Evansville, Wis. . . . God's Great Plan. By George Otis March, March Brothers, Publishers, Lebanon, Ohio. An attractively printed booklet of 57 pages. An earnest and pointed series of talks on the text, "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." . . . Announcement of \$5,000 in prizes for best essays on international peace. Open to clergymen, students of theological seminaries, Sunday School pupils and church members, with limitations. Send stamp for circulars to Secretary of Church Peace Union, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City. From the same publishers:—"After the War, What?" A Plea for a League of Peace. By Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale University. "America, Christianity and Peace," by James Cardinal Gibbons. "America and the Asiatic World," by Prof. Shailer Mathews. Also, "The Gospel of War," by James W. Johnson, published by the Lumitone Co., 1 Riverdale Ave., New York.

Words from Home Workers

"Give us vision that we may rise to the opportunities of our task, and may each new opportunity challenge us to nobler effort."

MAINE.—I am pleased to report, through our dear HELPER, that November last, through the prayerful and consecrated efforts of a few interested women, we were enabled to organize a Mission Circle in *South Gorham*, as an aid to the work of the Church and the community in which we live. Besides the President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, there were only two members, but that constituted a quorum and we have had regular monthly meetings with interesting and profitable programs. Several women have come in, by invitation, to enjoy the

meetings with us. Sunday morning, May 23, we observed the 25th Thank Offering Service in the Church, using the program prescribed in the April HELPER as far as possible. There was a large attendance, and much interest manifested. The offering was \$16.00. We are looking forward to having more members and larger service in the Master's Kingdom. We have obtained two new subscribers for the HELPER since we organized, and hope for others. The HELPER has been very dear to me for the past 27 years and grows more and more so.

(MRS.) REBECCA A. STROUT, President.

Juniors



LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS' SERVICE

Have a table prepared upon which is a large white candle in a candlestick, to represent the Light of Jesus or the Great Missionary Spirit. Then for each baby have a tiny candle in a candlestick to which is attached a card bearing the baby's name. The "Midget Candles" are best for this purpose and can be purchased at any Ten-Cent Store for ten cents a dozen, and little candlesticks for the same price. It is effective to use little yellow candles and yellow ribbon to attach the cards. Be sure to have matches on the table. Have the certificates wrapped in white tissue paper and tied with yellow ribbon. It is very nice to have the cards, attached to candles, done in water colors.

The leader or Superintendent of the Little Light Bearers Roll, should come forward and explain the meaning of the work. She should speak of the gentle Savior's love for little children. At the close of her remarks she should ask the mothers to come forward as she calls the babies' names. Have them form a semi-circle back of the table with faces to the audience. She should give to each the candle bearing her baby's name. If any mother cannot be present let the grandmother or someone near to the baby take her place.

As the leader lights the large candle let her recite:

Let this candle tall and white
Stand for Jesus' blessed light,
Watch it shine so clear and bright,
May it guide us all aright.

Each bright little candle here
Stands for a sweet baby dear,
Whom kind parents wish to rear
For a life with Jesus near.

Unto this bright light so clear
Loving mothers now draw near
Let these tiny candles dear
Kindle from this flame of cheer.

The leader now lights the small candles from the large one, passing them to the mothers. Then a young woman recites, "Jesus Bids Us Shine," while the music is softly played.

Then the leader says, Let us pray—

And now, dear Jesus, hear our prayer
Oh wilt Thou keep within Thy care
These babies which Thy love hath sent.
Oh help us guard these buds so rare
With which no earthly flow'rs compare;
Transplanted by Thy tender care
From Heavenly gardens bright and fair,
And to these mothers Thou has lent. Amen.

Give out certificates and fresh candles for the candle sticks—
Missionary Tidings.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for June, 1915

MAINE

Augusta Aux. Dues \$16.59; T O 16.26; C R 1.10	\$33 95
Bangor Aux., T O 18.20; Miss Christensen's S S Class for Miss Barnes' sal'y 4.00	22 20
Biddeford Aux., Storer 10.00; Cont Fund 3.50 (T O)	13 50
Bowdoinham, Miss M S Hulse \$1; Miss M E White \$1	2 00
Cumberland Conf Coll for Miss Coombs	10 00
E Otisfield Aux., T O 15 10 for "Betsey"; dues 4.00	19 10
E Raymond, Mrs G W Foss for Miss Coombs	1 00
Gray Church for zenana teacher	5 00
Howland, Elizabeth M Kinney, T O	1 00
Houlton Aux., T O	10 00
Lewiston, Main St Aux., Dom Sci Bldg Storer, \$25; C F 40.00; Pri Dpt 10.38 for Miss Barnes' sal'y; Int Dept 4.62 for Miss Barnes' sal'y	83 00
Limerick Aux., dues \$6; T O for school helpers in Midnapore \$5	11 00
Lisbon Aux (T O 9.05)	20 00
Litchfield Plains Aux., for Miss Coombs 4.50; Storer 4.50	9 00
North Berwick C R for Brown Babies	12 25
Ocean Park Aux T O, including C R 3.75	47 00
Parsonsfield Q M Coll	1 68
Portland Aux., sup Nona Bella Butts \$25; Bethany Class for Kamini at Bal \$25; Friend for Sundari 25.00; Mrs C F Jose's S S cl for Miss Amy Porter's sal'y 17.70	92 70
Saco Aux., for "Lydia Durgin" \$25; for Miss Coombs 25.00; for the Belle D Thompson School 25 00; A L B 4.91	79 91
S S, 2 shares Miss Barnes' salary	8 00

South Gorham Aux., for Miss Coombs \$6; T O 16.00	22 00
South Portland, C R Memorial Membership Alsena M Bregon	25
Steep Falls Aux., Cont Fund \$12; A L B for Miss Barnes 2 00	14 00
Topsham Aux., for Miss Coombs 10.00; Storer 15.00; Foreign Wk 15.00; Miss Estabrook, Barbados 5.00	45 00
West Buxton C R for Brown Babies	25
West Falmouth Aux., T O (C F) 25 00; Bal Wk 3.00; Helping Hands (T O) 4.00; C R 2.55	34 55
West Paris Ch Union Circle	3 00
West Peru & Canton Aux	1 00
West Peru Ch for missions	1 50
York Co Conf Aux	10 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bequest of Mrs Elizabeth H Howe, late of Rochester	1000 00
Danville Aux for Miss Amy Porter's salary	15 00
Hampton Aux for Miss Butts' sal'y	10 00
Laconia Aux., "from a friend" T O for Sinclair Orphanage	50 00
Meredith Aux., 19.04; T O 9 35	28 39
New Hampton Aux., for Miss Butts 5.00; T O 21.80; Mrs Holder 5.00	31 80
New Market Ch, Gen'l Work	8 00
Rochester, Katherine and Alice Hartley for Miss Barnes	4 00
South Danville, Dom Sci Bldg Storer (L M Mrs Emma M Bacon)	10 00
Correction: Dover should be credited with Mrs Bride for Storer 1.00; Mrs. Jenkins 25c in April receipts.	

VERMONT		
Association Col for Miss Amy Porter's sal'y	5 25	
Lyndon Center, Bal of Appor	15 00	
Shady Rill for Miss Amy Porter's sal'y	8 00	
Waterbury Center Ch for Miss Amy Porter's sal'y	12 00	
MASSACHUSETTS		
Brockton S S for "Profulla"	10 00	
Dorchester, Mrs C S Perkins, T O	1 00	
Lowell, Chelmsford St Aux for "Subasina" \$25; Native teacher, 6.25; T O 13.37	44 62	
Somerville Aux, T O	13 50	
RHODE ISLAND		
Arlington Aux, Bible Woman sup'rt \$20; Eva Spaulding Society for support of "Nari" \$14	34 00	
Carolina Aux, C R 2.47; T O for Kind Wk 5.00; dues 7.00; T O for Indust Wk \$6	20 47	
Georgiaville Aux, T O for Indust Wk \$15; dues 8.50	23 50	
Greenville Aux, T O for Indust Wk 25.00; C R 7.00	32 00	
S P S C E, for Zenana Wk 12.50; dues for Kind Wk 10.00	22 50	
North Sterling, Connecticut F B Ch Aux for Sinclair Orphanage	4 16	
Olneyville, Plainfield St Aux, dues for Indust Wk 3.89; T O Indust wk 4.58; Jun, Prim & Kind Depts SS for Miss Barnes' sal'y 4.00	12 47	
Pascoag Aux, dues \$30; T O for Indust Wk \$20; C R and L L B 8.00	58 00	
Providence, Elmwood Ave Aux, dues 5.54 for Indust Wk; T O for Zenana Wk 15.00; for Zen Wk 10.00; Elementary Dpt S S for Miss Barnes 4.00; Y P S C E for child in S O 12.50; S S for Kind Wk 8.50	55 54	
Trinity Baptist Mission, Miss Emma A Potter's S S Class for "Promodini" in S O	5 00	
Roger Williams, Aux dues for Indust Wk 26.00; T O for Indust Wk 32.20; Jun C E for Kind Wk 25.00; Y P S C E for Kind Wk 18.75	101 95	
Tiverton Stone Church S S for "Betty"	6 25	
NEW YORK		
Eden, C R Catherine I. Hawkins	25	
Elmer Center, C R Ross E. Allen	25	
Niobe, Bapt S S for Brown Babies, S O	4 00	
WEST VIRGINIA		
Harper's Ferry, Miss Sarah Benedict for Miss Amy Porter's salary	15 00	
MICHIGAN		
Bankers Aux, Dr B 5.13; Storer 3.42; Miss Daniels 2.10	10 65	
Battle Creek, Mrs Harriet P Stone quarterly remittance	35 00	
Batavia Aux, Dr B 12.70; Storer 1.80; T O 11.00	25 50	
Bruce, C R	4 25	
Calhoun & North Branch Q M Coll for Dr B	1 51	
Cook's Prairie Aux, Dr B	75	
(On L M Mrs J E Smith of Homer, Mich)		
Corey Hill Aux, Dr B 2.10; Storer 1.40; T O 6.33	9 83	
Dover Ch for Miss Daniels	25 00	
Davison Aux, Dr B 5.10; Storer 3.40	8 50	
Fairfield Aux for Miss Daniels	23 90	
Gobleville Aux, T O	15 00	
Hillsdale Aux, for Miss Daniels 21.15; T O 30.00	51 15	
Litchfield Aux, H M 1.00; F M 1.00; Storer 1.00; T O 10.40	13 40	
(Completes L M of Mrs Ella Bender, Litchfield, Mich, and \$5.40 towards L M of Mrs Smith)		
Mason, C R dues	1 20	
North Reading Aux, Miss Daniels 10.00; T O 12 81	22 80	
North Branch Aux, Dr B \$9; Storer \$6	15 00	
North Rome Aux, Dr B 30c; Storer 2 c; Miss Daniels 1.7	2 25	
Onsted Aux, Dr B 17.29; Storer 9.44; Miss Daniels 6 27	33 00	
Oshemo Aux, Dr B 1.83; Storer 1 20; T O 11.00	14 00	
Osseo Church, Miss Daniels	1 50	
Pittsford Aux, Dr B 60c; Storer 40c; Miss Daniels 7.10	8 00	
Reading Aux, T O	14 00	
Sand Creek Aux, T O for Miss Daniels	8 90	
Union C R, Life Mem D Joy Thompson	5 00	
West Cambria Aux, Dr B 1.80; Sto 1.20; T O 12.47	15 47	
West Oshemo, F B Ch for Miss Barnes F B S S for Miriam Curtis, B W, Balasore	6 85	
	6 25	
MINNESOTA		
Champlin Aux, Cont Fund	3 00	
Nashville Aux, T O	26 00	
Truman Aux, 1/2 H M, 1/2 F M, T O	25 00	
IOWA		
'Friends from Iowa' T O	11 00	
Oelwein, Mrs Retta Wing Wachtel, native teacher in Midnapore \$25; Storer \$5	30 00	
KANSAS		
Anson, Bapt Miss Soc for S O	15 00	
Buffalo Valley Aux and C R, T O	10 00	
Haddam, Hickory Grove F B Aux, T O	7 53	
Topeka, Miss Sylvia Weigle, for Mrs Holder's salary	5 00	
TEXAS		
Tatum Aux for Mrs Holder's sal'y	44 61	
Woodlawn F B Aux for Mrs Holder's sal'y	2 50	
CALIFORNIA		
Escondido, Mr Henry Hyde	1 00	
SCOTLAND		
Arbroath, Miss J J Scott for "Ratamonie"	4 87	
MISCELLANEOUS		
Income for—		
General Work	1 25	
Hindu School	5 00	
Storer	2 19	
Widows' Home, Balasore	20 60	
T O Postage	1 45	
Total Receipts for June, 1915	\$2904 60	
(Personal gift for Mrs Julia Burkholder, \$5.00)		
EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer		
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.		
Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer		

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